Saturday Night.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And, in the wood-fire's glow,
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago--

When grandmamma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter then,
Than now in its rich content.

The face is wrinkled and care-worn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes
Has never gone away.

And her needles catch the fire's light,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waking children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind,
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time,
To grandmamma's heart to-night--
Only a ditty, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We court and yet would shun;
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say good night,
With tears in their bright young eyes;
While in grandma's lap, with a broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for all when the slow dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Or labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be a bed for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

REMINISCENCES OF HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Clay is chiefly known to the present generation as a statesman and orator. He had in him the elements of a great lawyer, but his early training was defective, and he was so constantly in public life after arriving at the period of manhood that he was never adequately equipped for the higher walks of the profession. He was eminently a man of action, and his faculties qualified him for any task that he might undertake. With a jury or a popular audience he was surpassingly powerful. He spoke with equal felicity and force, although he had not that perfect accuracy of expression which distinguished the writings and speeches of Mr. Webster. In the power of controlling and swaying an auditory, Prentiss, the great orator of Mississippi, was his only superior among all his contemporaries, and even that master of the art of persuasion on the one hand and denunciation on the other hardly excelled Mr. Clay as a popular speaker.

Mr. Clay, of all men, relished a personal discussion—a duel, with words for the weapons. He excelled in philippic and retort, and never flinched when he met an antagonist who could give as well as take. He was merciless in a skirmish of this kind, and had no hesitation in alluding to physical defects or natural infirmities of any description. He indulged frequently in coarse pleasantries and unsparing ridicule. Mr. Buchanan was his pet aversion, and he expressed his dislike in season and out of season. Mr. Buchanan had a defect in his sight, a sort of *wall*-eye, or cross-eye, which gave him the appearance of obliquity of vision. On one occasion, when the Democrats were in the majority, Mr. Clay complained of some act of Mr. Wright, alluding to him as the "leader of the Senate." From the spot where Mr. Clay was standing, Mr. Wright and Mr. Buchanan were nearly in a range in the semi-circle. Mr. Buchanan rose to reply, supposing himself to have been referred to. Mr. Clay, with an expression on his face compounded of derision and contempt, said: "Mr. President, the Senator from Pennsylvania is giving himself a deal of unnecessary trouble. I made no allusion to him, sir. I spoke of the leader of the Senate," pointing unmistakably to Mr. Wright.

Mr. Buchanan, with much embarrassment, hesitatingly rejoined, "Mr. President, I did not intend to arrogate to myself any such distinction. I make no pretensions to be the leader of the Senate [" I should hope not," interjected Mr. Clay, without rising]; but the Senator from Kentucky certainly looked at me."

"No, Mr. President, I did nothing of the kind. It was not I looked at the Senator [here he held his hands up, making a cross with two fingers]; it was the way the Senator looked at me."

At another time Mr. Clay and Mr. Buchanan fell into a controversial discussion, in which personalities were freely interchanged. Mr. Clay at last alluded to some transaction involving Mr. Buchanan, much to that gentleman's embarrassment, who hesitated and stammered, but finally recovering himself, said he could retort upon the Senator from Kentucky, and intimated that he could reveal a secret that he would not like to have made public, hinting at something which was understood by Mr. Clay. Springing to his feet, the latter exclaimed in a loud and imperious tone,

"No, sir, not a word! That subject is taboo."

"But the Senator has spoken of my private affairs, and I must be allowed a similar license."

"Proceed, sir," said Mr. Clay; "but understand that you proceed at your peril—your personal peril!"

Mr. Buchanan sank into his seat, turning the color of his white cravat, without uttering another word.

Mr. Clay, although prompt to resent an affront, and always ready for a duel either with words or pistols, never promoted strife unless he had a hand in the contest, and frequently adjusted personal difficulties by his great moral energy and force of character. It was said of him by a shrewd judge of men, Dr. Linn, a colleague of Col. Benton in the Senate, that Clay was never an indifferent spectator when a quarrel was in progress. If he could not be counted in, he always came forward with a compromise. He was so fond of peace and harmony that he was willing to fight upon that issue at any time.

In public affairs Mr. Clay's policy was that of concession and compromise. It may be doubted, however, whether the effects of his efforts in that way were as salutary and beneficial as they were in the adjustment of quarrels. They tended to the postponement of evil consequences rather than their final prevention. They were temporary in effect, allaying discontent and uneasiness for the moment, but which generally became more irritating and dangerous from the lapse of time. The Missouri Compromise was a measure of that character. The truce between the North and South was a hollow one, and when hostilities were renewed the quarrel was more bitter than ever. The graduated tariff of 1832 was the work of Mr. Clay. It was constructed on the principle so often adopted by petit juries, of splitting the difference, leaving parties litigant dissatisfied and ready to reopen the case at the first opportunity. The compromise of the slavery controversy in 1850 was a temporary expedient postpoing a rupture, the conflicting forces, meantime, getting more and more exasperated, and finally the great struggle of 1861 being the ultimate consequence. Wise statesmanship looks to the eradication of existing evils; empiricism seeks merely to put off the evil day.

The defeat of Mr. Clay at the Philadelphia Convention in 1848 was the culmination of his chagrin, mortification, and wrath at the final overthrow of all his schemes of ambition. He aspired to the Presidency with a degree of solicitude and anxiety that finally became a passionate longing. He was an enthusiastic, sanguine man, confident in his own powers, and clear and decided in his convictions. He was not amenable to counsel or advice, nor did he ever receive contradiction graciously. That he was patriotic and conscientious in his public life I have no more doubt than that he was strictly honest and faithful in all his private relations. He wished to be President for many reasons. He was certain that his theory of the policy of the Government was indispensable to the development of the resources of the country and the material prosperity of the people. Then he had the strongest desire to gratify and reward his friends, and at the same time punish his enemies. His defeat in the National Convention at Harrisburg was a grievous disappointment. Then the disastrous termination of the campaign of 1844 bore heavily upon him, and the infelicity of the situation was aggravated by the consciousness that he owed his defeat largely to his self-conceit, obstinacy, and contemptuous rejection of the advice of judicious friends. Soon after the nomination of Mr. Clay, John C. Wright and Judge Burnett, of Cincinnati, visited Ashland with a view of conferring with Mr. Clay in regard to the most eligible mode of conducting the campaign. Mr. Wright, from whom I had the particulars of the interview, was a gentleman of great astuteness, a practiced political manager, and understood the temper and feelings of the people as well as any man in the country. He had served many years in Congress with Mr. Clay, and was held by him in the highest esteem. Their pleasant relations might have been disturbed by the confidential intimacy that had subsisted between Gen. Harrison and Mr. Wright; but Mr. Clay appreciated the ability and good faith of Mr. Wright, and was as likely to listen patiently to his suggestions as to those of any other statesman. The Texas question was then looming threateningly in the distance, and, as a disturbing force in the Presidential field, required delicate handling. There were other points, too, upon which a heavy decision might have have a disastrous effect. Mr. Wright said that Judge Burnett and himself desired simply to make such suggestions as were demanded by the circumstances of the case, and to see if they could receive the acquiescence of Mr. Clay. He met them as they approached his house, greeting them in his usual hearty way, expressing himself gratified at the visit. The moment the salutations were over, Mr. Clay said, "Wright, I know what you have come for; you want to take me into keeping, as you did Harrison."

"Not at all," said Wright. "We came down to talk over the plan of the campaign, and specially to consider how this Texas matter is to be treated."

"I intend to conduct the campaign myself," retorted Mr. Clay. "It shall never be charged upon me that I am in the hands of a committee. I will not surrender my independence, or submit to be guided by anybody."

"Then all I have to say is, that I'm sorry we took the trouble to come down. You will manage your affairs in your own way, of course; and as sure as you are alive, so surely will you be defeated next November."

"Then I'll go down with my colors flying. Wright, you are a prophet of evil. But you don't alarm me. Let us have a drop of Bourbon, and consider the matter settled."

The final struggle took place in the Philadelphia Convention. There was a protracted contest. Mr. Clay's friends made a desperate stand in his behalf, knowing it to be his last chance. His nomination was resisted with great vigor and determination, especially by gentlemen who had smarted under the lash which he wielded so unsparingly in Congress. And when Gen. Taylor received a majority vote in the convention, Willian S. Archer, of Virginia, who had recently retired from the Senate of the United States, and who had been Mr. Clay's warm admirer, expressed his gratification at the result in the following fervent language: "Thank God, we have got rid of the old tyrant at last!"

Mr. Clay had resigned his seat in the Senate preparatory to his nomination for the Presidency in 1844, and retired to his home in Kentucky. After the election of Mr. Polk the quiet and seclusion of private life became irksome to him, and he pined for the bustle and excitement attendant upon Congressional service, and his State gladly returned him to the Senate.

Advancing years brought upon him the infirmities of old age, and at the time of the inauguration of President Taylor he was disposed again to resign; but his will was as strong as ever, and, animated by a feeling of resentment toward those who had thwarted his wishes, he went to Washington, as he said, to protect his friends, who were in danger of proscription, from the men who had successfully conspired against him. Meeting him on his way to the seat of government, he spoke in his usual decided and denunciatory tones of his opponent in the Whig party. His utterances were characteristic and as emphatic as ever. "I go to Washington for the last time," said he, "with reluctance, and against my wishes and judgment. My relations to the Whigs are wholly changed by the events of the past year. Whatever of obligations I may have been under to the party are now discharged, and I shall take my seat in the Senate with little hope of rendering any service to the country, but solely to prevent my friends from being sacrificed by this piebald administration."

He died a disappointed and unhappy man, the injustice and ingratitude to which he felt that he had been subjected rankling like a personal indignity to the last.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Foreign Gossip.

PIERRE ZACONNE, one of the most popular writers of light fiction in France, is only 34 years old, and yet he has issued already 325 volumes.

THE Japan *Herald*, in an article respecting the Mikado, gives some interesting facts connected with his history. He was born in 1852. He assumed the title of Prince in 1860. He ascended the throne in 1868. By Japanese reckoning he is 21 years of age. It is claimed that his pedigree can be traced back 122 generations, extending over a period of 2,000 years. If these statements are correct, the Japan dynasty is the oldest upon the face of the globe. It is just double the age of the British kingdom.

SINCE his recovery the Prince of Wales has sought to demonstrate his gratitude for the recent popular demonstrations of joy on his account by appearing constantly in public, and traveling here and there and everywhere, accompanied by the princess. He does not remember Bolingbroke's rule for becoming popular with the people, which was to keep himself out of their sight as much as possible.

THE attempt to assassinate the young King and Queen of Spain seems to have awakened the dormant loyalty of the Spanish people, and their narrow escape promises to set patriotic ardor to glowing in Spain as warmly as did the sickness of the Prince of Wales throughout England. All through Europe public rejoicings that the royal lives were spared have been made. In the churches of Madrid thanksgiving services were celebrated with great pomp. King Amadeus was much admired for his coolness and courage at the time of the attack.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is, it is said, making many captives in London, and among them are the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge. She refused, some time since, to see the Prince of Wales, which was regarded as an evidence of good judgment and strict morality; but now, her critics say, she is "putting on French airs," an odd way of remarking that she spreads her plumage and yearns for admiration from anybody and everybody. But who has a better right? And the lady certainly knows enough to take care of herself.

Our Public Men.

Jefferson died comparatively poor; indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library, and given him for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from the door.

Madison saved money and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather to that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers and paid $30,000 for them!

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of his friends.

John Quincy Adams left some $50,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich. Throughout his political life he looked out for his interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered a million in his life, the product of his professional and political speculations. He died leaving property to his children and his debts to friends. The former sold for less than $20,000, the latter exceeding $250,000.

Henry Clay left a handsome estate. It probably exceeded $100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man in all his transactions.

James K. Polk left about $150,000, $50,000 of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler left $20,000. Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means and then married a rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left $150,000.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be swallowed up in speculation nor squandered in vice.

Ex-President Pierce saved some $40,000 from his term of office.

Exercising Caution.

An old lady read a paragraph in of one the papers the other day, describing how a grindstone burst in a saw factory and killed four men. She happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in the cellar, leaning against the wall; so she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning her servant, and holding a pieboard in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out into the road, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown over it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it is a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before.

BUTT-CUT KAYLOR.

A True Story.

(Etchings by O. J. Hopkins, Toledo, O.)

About thirty-three and a third years ago there dwelt, in one of the rural districts of Georgia, an old codger by the name of *Butt-Cut Kaylor*, who had formerly enjoyed the honors and emoluments pertaining to the office of *Justice* of the *Peace*, the duties of which once he discharged with acknowledged "ability" and dignity; and so far as his neighbors were capable of judging, he appeared to be a very honest man. He had, however, acquired the habit of "trumping up" accounts against the estates of those of his neighbors who were so unfortunate as to "shuffle off their mortal coils" within the bounds of his bailiwick. He had carried this practice on to such an extent as to arouse a suspicion in the minds of some of his meddlesome neighbors that there might be "something dead" somewhere in "the seat of his"—financial

THE SQUIRE.

BOB CROGAN.

operations. Bob Crogan, who lived in the neighborhood, and "run" the postoffice at the cross-roads, being something of a wag, and having an idea that the Squire's honesty should be quoted below par, concluded, with the connivance and assistance of a few comrades, to "unearth the sly old fox," and expose his rascalities. Accordingly, Bob pretended to die, was regularly shrouded and laid out on the cooling board in the most approved fashion, and sorrowing friends proceeded to spread the news of his demise, which soon reached the ears of old Butt-Cut. He lost no time in repairing to the house of mourning, carrying with him a "full and complete assortment" of first-class condolence and sympathy, for gratuitous distribution among the members of the bereaved family, and the many sorrowing friends of the supposed deceased, who were

present when he arrived. After he had relieved his heart of its burden of healing words, and had succeeded in a tolerable effort at crying, and was about to leave the scene, he tenderly spoke as follows:

"Ah, poor Bob; I'm sorry he died; he was a good feller, and I allus liked him. When him and me went to the races at Augusta—now nigh onto two years ago—I loaned him a hundred dollars to bet onto a bay mar, and he lost and has never paid me a cent of that money from that day to this. Poor feller, he forgot it, I reckon, but it's an honest debt, of course I can git it out of his estate, and——"

Butt-Cut didn't finish the sentence; for just at this point Bob, the corpse, slowly raised up in his shroud, and, stretching out his arms toward the old rogue, as if to clutch him, yelled:

"You are an infernal old liar, and if——"

The din and roar drowned the rest. Old Butt-Cut didn't wait to see or hear anything more, but with the hurried exclamation "Goddlemity!" he shot through the door, hurried to his home, "packed his traps," and not only left the neighborhood, but the State of Georgia, forever.

WHY is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men? Because all his wicked works are brought to light.

American News by Way of Paris—A Thrilling Story.

From the Paris Figaro, June 23.

It is known that the railroad from San Francisco to New York passes through the reservations of several tribes of Indians, who invariably regard the locomotives as terrible monsters created by the Manitou to exterminate the red man.

Several times already the Indians have attempted to throw the cars off the track. In these enterprises they were led by one of the fiercest of their chiefs, a Cherokee named Naha, and surnamed Mocking Bird. All their attempts having failed, Naha resolved to change his tactics.

Accordingly, on the 2d of June last, he concealed himself near the rails, and with extraordinary activity bounded upon the footboard of train No. 57, from San Francisco to New York. He then slipped along the train till he reached the locomotive, where he killed the fireman with a blow of his tomahawk, stabbed the engineer with his knife, and, after scalping them, jumped on the tender brandishing the scalps and howling out a savage war song.

The settlers along the line became terrified as they saw the train, which now dashed along at a fearful speed, driven by the ferocious engineer. Their situation was extremely perilous; in fact they were running into the jaws of death.

Finally an officer of the navy, Mr. Henry Pierce, determined to sacrifice himself to save his fellow-passengers. Armed with a long dirk knife he ran along the footboard of the train and jumped upon the engine. The chief uttered a war cry and brandished his tomahawk, and a hand-to-hand struggle was commenced over the bodies of the engineer and the fireman.

The passengers put their heads out of the windows, and with an anxiety which may easily be imagined, tried to see the fight. In about a minute Mr. Pierce fell mortally wounded under Mocking Bird, who, in the twinkling of an eye, scalped him. But while he was triumphantly waving the scalp of the victim in the air, Mr. Pierce, who was still living, had sufficient strength to jump up and lunge his knife in the Indian's breast, killing him instantly. He then crawled to the valve handle, shut off the steam, and the train stopped.

The passengers ran to the assistance of this brave officer, but it was too late; he died two hours afterward.

How to Cure Hydrophobia.

A correspondent of the Detroit *Tribune* describes at some length a fearful case of hydrophobia, where a man was in convulsions, "barking like a dog," frothing at the mouth and making strenuous efforts to bite everything that came near. During these convulsions the patient would seize the pillows from his bed in his teeth, and shake and rend them with all the seeming ferocity of an angry dog. An intense dread of water also exhibited itself. The doctors decided to place the patient upon the same treatment which had been successful in a former case, which, for the aid it may be to others who suffer from this malady, we here give, as follows:

The injection under the skin of large doses of morphine, and the administration of large doses of castor, which is a powerful anti-spasmodic. About one grain of the sulphate of morphine was injected under the skin once in four hours, and a half a drachm of the powdered castor, mixed with syrup, given internally. The effect was to produce sleep in about half an hour, which lasted about an hour and a half, when the convulsions returned at intervals of an hour to an hour and a half until Sunday morning, when the last convulsion occurred, after which he suffered severely from obstinate vomiting until Monday at 10 o'clock, when that also ceased, leaving the patient comparatively easy, but very much prostrated. Since that time he has gradually improved, and now is to all appearances quite well. In addition to the above treatment small quantities of chloroform were inhaled at times, and on Sunday morning the patient was wrapped in a woolen blanket wrung out of a warm solution of muriate of ammonia, eighteen to twenty grains to the ounce. This was the treatment which checked this fearful malady, and which the doctors, for the sake of humanity, are anxious should be published to the world and thoroughly tested.

Feeding Cattle.

Grasshoppers came down on Maine in such a manner as to almost make the inhabitants think they were in Utah. The result was a great scarcity of winter food for cattle, and Yankee ingenuity was driven to some queer expedients to overcome the difficulty. Among others was the feeding of fish to the cattle. After a little while they became very fond of this strange food, and it seems to have answered very well for them.

The scarcity led many thoughtful people to weigh every mouthful of food eaten by their cattle, and to make careful observations. One gentleman finds that 30 pounds of hay divided into three equal portions will keep a cow in good condition twenty-four hours. Or ten pounds of hay or five pounds of corn meal will accomplish the same thing. Twenty bushels of corn are found to be equivalent to a ton of hay—that is, when the hay is cut in blossom and cured without rain or dew.

Another gentleman kept a yearling colt in a constantly growing condition on one quart of oats and four pounds of hay per day. This is not remarkable. The colt must have been an easy keeper naturally. This ration was divided into three equal parts, and fed at early morn, at noon and just before dark.

When the hay was timothy, he cut it; when red clover, he fed it without cutting. In all cases he wet his hay and oats with warm water. He fed his cows ten pounds of hay and four quarts of corn meal, wetting it in the same way.

A Curiosity.

The skeleton of a giant sea spider is now to be seen in the shop of a chemist in Dresden. It is in an exceedingly good state of preservation. The body, which is a quarter of a yard long, rests upon eight long legs, which, when stretched out, cover, with the body, the space of a yard. Crab-like claws, or long arms with joints, rise above the head, and give to the whole a ghastly appearance.

Westward, Ho!

I love not Colorado,
Where the faro table grows,
And adown the desperado
The rippling bourbon flows.

Nor seek I fair Montana,
Of Bowie lunging fame;
The pistol ring of Wyoming
I leave to nobler game.

Sweet poker-loving Kansas
In vain allures the eye;
The Nevada rough has charms enough,
Yet his blandishments I fly.

Shall Arizona woo me,
Where the meek Apache hides;
Or New Mexico, where natives grow
With arrow-proof insides?

Nay, 'tis where the grizzlies wander,
And the lovely diggers roam,
And grim Chinee from squatters flee,
That I'll seek my humble home.

I'll chase the wild tarantula,
And fierce cayote dare;
The locust grim, I'll battle him
In his native woodland lair.

Or I'll seek the gulch deserted,
And dream of primeval man;
And I'll build a cot on a corner lot,
And get rich as soon as I can.

Varities.

WORMWOOD—Coffins.

STAKEHOLDERS—Butchers.

A GREAT composer—Sleep.

A SOUND judge—A musical critic.

MEN of high station—Lighthouse-keepers.

"THE collar wilting days have come, the hottest in the year; cold ice and water sootheth some, and likewise larger beer."

NERVOUS old lady (to deck hand on steamer)—"Mr. Steamboat man, is there any fear of danger?" Deck hand (carelessly)—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."

A MINISTER made an interminable call upon a lady friend of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key: "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

"CORRECT likeness of yourself sent, and your fortune told." Young Green, in answer to the above advertisement, receives a looking-glass, and is informed that he can tell his own fortune by counting his money.

A FASHIONABLE mother's advice to a married daughter was, "Never take your husband to an evening party; there is nothing that is always so much in the way."

AN Indiana bride, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, asked the minister to give out the hymn, "This is the way I long have sought."

THE Irishman had a correct appreciation of the business who, being asked by the Judge, when he applied for a license to sell whisky, if he was of a good moral character, replied, "Faith, yer honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky."

A MAN out West says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate, his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

"Mamma," said a wee pet, "they sung 'I want to be an angel' in Sunday-school this morning, and I sung with them." "Why, Nelly!" exclaimed mamma, "could you keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nelly; "I kept ahead of 'em most all the way through."

How Money is Made by Farming.

Much labor is done on farms that is not farming in the true sense. By such labor no money is ever made. A man may support himself and family, keep out of debt, and have a few dollars in his pocket by practicing the most stringent economy. If he is otherwise than industrious and sober, he is on the down grade with loose brakes, and the end is soon reached. But farming, in its true sense, is a profession equal to that of the law or medicine, and needs equal study, mental capacity, and intelligently directed labor to command success in it.

The principles which underlie the practice of the true farmer must be well understood, and a steady, consistent course of operations must be followed. Having thoroughly learned the nature and capacity of the soil he possesses, and chosen the rotation most suitable, and the stock to be most profitably kept on it, he does not swerve from his chosen course, but in good markets and bad raises his regular crops, and keeps his land in regularly increasing fertility. No special cry tempts or affrights him. He does not talk dairying this season or crops the next, but doubtless, if any particular product be in demand and bring a good price, he has some of it to sell and reaps a share of the advantages. He saves as much money as some men make by care and economy in purchasing and preserving tools, seeds, manures, and machines, and his business habits and constant readiness for all occasions give him reasonable security against the effects of adverse seasons and bad weather. Always prepared, he is never too late, and always calm, he is never too soon, and thus, "taking time by the forelock," he has the stern old tyrant at his command, and turns him at his will. He has no losses, and his gains are steady.

An Apology.

"Did you say I was not fit to carry swill to swine, Mr. Brown?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, sir, I require you, here, in the presence of these gentlemen, to take the consequences."

"I am ready, willingly, to repair the injury I have done you."

"Well, see that you do it quickly, sir."

Brown turned round to the gentlemen and said:

"Gentlemen, I have done my friend Mr. Smith, here, an injustice to say that he was not fit to carry swill to swine, at which he is very indignant. Now, gentlemen, I wish to recall that remark, and do here take great pleasure in saying that Smith is eminently qualified to carry swill to swine. I hope that this apology will be satisfactory to Mr. Smith, and that his excellent qualities may be duly appreciated."

IN consequence of the high price of copper, work will be resumed in several of the leading copper mines of California, which have been idle for a large number of years.